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WILLIAM P. HUBBARD
WHEELING, W. VA.

HISTORY

OF THE

EARLY SETTLEMENT

AND

INDIAN WARS

OF

WESTERN VIRGINIA;

EMBRACING

AN ACCOUNT OF THE VARIOUS EXPEDITIONS IN THE WEST, PREVIOUS TO 1795.

ALSO,

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF COL. EBENEZER ZANE, MAJOR SAMUEL M'COLLOCH, LEWIS WETZEL, GENL. ANDREW LEWIS, GENL. DANIEL BRODHEAD, CAPT. SAMUEL BRADY, COL. WM. CRAWFORD; AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED ACTORS IN OUR BORDER WARS.

ILLUSTRATED BY NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

BY WILLS DE HASS,

Corresponding Member of the Maryland and New York Historical Societies.

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sidered the talk of the Long-knife, and the next day agreed to his proposed settlement, provided he did not *disturb them in their hunting south of the Ohio;* a provision wholly inconsistent with the Stanwix deed.

Among the earlier operators in western lands was WASHINGTON. He had always regarded the proclamation of 1763 as a mere temporary expedient to quiet the savages; and, being better acquainted with the value of western lands than most of those who could command means, he early began to buy beyond the mountains. His agent in selecting lands was the unfortunate Col. Crawford, afterwards burnt by the Indians. In September, 1767, we find Washington writing to Crawford on this subject, and looking forward to the occupation of the western territory; in 1770, he crossed the mountains, going down the Ohio to the mouth of the great Kanhawa; and in 1773 being entitled, under the king's proclamation of 1763, (which gave a bounty to officers and soldiers who had served in the French war,) to ten thousand acres of land, he became deeply interested in the country beyond the mountains, and had some correspondence respecting the importation of settlers from Europe. Indeed, had not the Revolutionary war been just then on the eve of breaking out, Washington would in all probability have become the leading settler of the West, and all our history, perhaps, have been changed.[1]

But while in England and along the Atlantic, men were talking of peopling the west south of the river Ohio, a few obscure individuals, unknown to Walpole, to Franklin, and to Washington, were taking those steps which actually resulted in its settlement.[2]

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[1] Sparks' Washington, vol. ii. pp. 346-7. He had patents for 32,373 acres; 9157 on the Ohio, between the Kanhawas, with a river front of 13 1-2 miles; 23,216 acres on the Great Kanhawa, with a river front of 40 miles. Besides these lands, he owned fifteen miles below Wheeling, 587 acres, with a front of 2 1-2 miles.[a] He considered the land worth $3 33 per acre.—Sparks' Washington, xii. 264, 317.

[2] Western Annals.

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[a] This was the tract known as the "Round Bottom." He sold it to the late Col. Archibald M'Clean, and instead of 587 acres, it was found, by actual survey, to be over 1000.

CHAPTER III.

THE WAR OF 1774—ITS COMMENCEMENT.

THE Mingoes, Shawanese and other powerful western tribes, feeling that they had been slighted in the Stanwix treaty—their rights disregarded, their homes invaded, and their hunting grounds wrested from them,—showed symptoms of great dissatisfaction, which the more observing of the settlers were not long in detecting. A deep and bitter feeling was evidently setting in against the whites; but still, the Indians remembered the war of 1763, and the terrible power of Britain. The older and wiser of the sufferers seemed rather disposed to submit to what seemed inevitable, than throw themselves away in a vain effort to withstand the power and influence which was exerted against them. Hopeless hatred, it will thus be perceived, filled the breasts of the natives at the period immediately preceding the war of 1774; a hatred needing only a few acts of violence to kindle it into rage and thirst for human blood. And such acts were not wanting; in addition to the murder of several single Indians by the frontier men, in 1772, five families of the natives on the Little Kanawha, were killed, in revenge for the death of a white family on Gauley river, although no evidence existed to prove who had committed the last-named outrage. And when 1774 came, a series of events, of which we can present but a faint outline, led to excessive exasperation on both sides. Pennsylvania and Virginia laid equal claim to Pittsburgh and the adjoining country. In the war of 1754, doubt had existed as to which colony the fork of the Ohio was situated in, and the Old Dominion having been forward in the defence of the contested territory, while her northern neighbor had been very backward in doing anything in its favor, the Virginians

felt a certain claim upon the "Key of the West." This feeling showed itself before 1763, and by 1773 appears to have attained a very decided character.[1] Early in 1774, Lord Dunmore, prompted very probably by Colonel Croghan, and his nephew, Dr. John Conolly,[2] who had lived at Fort Pitt, and was an intriguing and ambitious man, determined, by strong measures, to assert the claims of Virginia upon Pittsburgh and its vicinity, and despatched Connolly, with a captain's commission, and with power to take possession of the country upon the Monongahela, in the name of the king. He issued his proclamation to the people, in the neighborhood of Redstone and Pittsburgh, calling upon them to meet upon the 24th and 25th of January, 1774, in order to be embodied as Virginia militia. Arthur St. Clair, who then represented the proprietors of Pennsylvania in the west, was at Pittsburgh at the time, and arrested Connolly before the meeting took place.

Connolly, soon after, was for a short time released by the sheriff, upon the promise to return to the law's custody, which promise he broke however; and having collected a band of followers, on the 28th of March came again to Pittsburgh, still asserting the claim of Virginia to the government. Then commenced a series of contests, outrages and complaints, which were too extensive and complicated to be described within our limited space. The upshot of the matter was this,

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[1] Virginia, as early as 1763, expressed a willingness to listen to a proposition for adjustment on the part of Pennsylvania.

[2] Connolly was a native of Lancaster, Pa. In 1770 Washington met him at Pittsburg, and in his journal speaks of him as a "sensible and intelligent" man. Connolly was unscrupulous, dangerous, and full of intrigue. From the commencement of the Revolution, he was a Tory of the rankest kind. And after that, he became troublesome in Kentucky.

In 1770, (at the time Washington met him,) Connolly proposed a division which would have included all of the present State of Kentucky, between the Cumberland River, a line drawn along its forks, to the falls, and the Ohio. Sparks ii. 532.

In 1774, he patented and sold the ground upon which Louisville now stands. (Am. Archives, 4th series.)

that Connolly, in Lord Dunmore's name, and by his authority, took and kept possession of Fort Pitt; and as it had been dismantled and nearly destroyed by royal orders, rebuilt it, and named it Fort Dunmore.[1]

At the time of issuing his proclamation, he wrote to the settlers along the Ohio, that the Shawanese were not to be trusted; that they had declared open hostility to the whites; and he (Connolly) desired all to be in readiness to redress any grievances that would occur. One of these circulars was addressed to Captain Michael Cresap, then at or near Wheeling.

[APRIL 16.] A few days previous to the date of Connolly's letter (April 21,) a canoe loaded with goods for the Shawanese towns, the property of a Pittsburgh merchant named Butler, had been attacked by three Cherokee Indians, about sixty miles above, and one of the whites killed. This of course caused considerable sensation in the neighborhood of Wheeling. The people, too, aroused by the false cry of Connolly, became greatly excited; and when, a few days after, it was reported that a boat containing Indians was coming down the river, a resolution was at once taken to attack them.

Several men, one of whom it is alleged was Captain Cresap, started up the river, and firing upon the canoe, killed two Indians, whom they scalped. On the following day[2] several canoes containing Indians[3] were discovered a short distance

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[1] Western Annals.

[2] The exact date of these occurrences cannot, with certainty, be ascertained. Col. Zane says they took place towards the close of April, and that the affair at Captina, preceded that at Yellow creek. John Seppington, who was one of the party at Baker's, gives the date of the occurrence at that place, May 24th; but Col. A. Swearingen, who was familiar with most of the early settlers, states that the Yellow creek affair took place prior to that at Captina. Benjamin Tomlinson, brother-in-law to Baker, says in his deposition, that the Baker affair was in May, while Devereaux Smith, in his letter dated Pittsburgh, June 10, 1774, says the affair at Wheeling was on the 27th of April, and the one at Yellow creek, "about the same time."

[3] These, according to the most reliable accounts, were the Shawanese chiefs, invited to council at Fort Pitt, and who were then on their return home.

above the island. Pursuit was immediately given; and that night, while the Indians were encamped near the mouth of Captina creek, twenty miles below Wheeling, the whites attacked them, killing one and wounding several of the company.

These were clearly the exciting causes to the war of 1774. It is true, however, as already stated, the magazine was charged, and needed but the match to produce instantaneous explosion. *That* match was fired by the murderer's torch at Captina and Yellow creek, (presently to be noticed,) and dreadful was the effect of that explosion.

A question of some importance now arises—one which we would fain avoid, but which our duty compels us to meet—and that is, what part did Captain Cresap take in the outset of this war? Most unfortunately for the memory of a brave and chivalrous soldier, his name has become so blended with the principal events of this dark page in our history, that it seems an almost hopeless task to controvert any of the points made by previous writers upon the subject.

So intimately associated has been Captain Cresap's name with these unfortunate and tragical occurrences, that this bloody record in our history—the war of 1774, has been, and by many still is, styled "*Cresap's war.*"

Viewing the whole matter with a mind free from bias, or if prejudiced at all, confessedly in favor of the arraigned, we candidly acknowledge that the evidence before us bears strongly against him in the affairs at Wheeling and Captina; but wholly exculpates him from any participation in the diabolical transaction at Yellow creek. This we think the extent of his guilt, in the occurrences which led to the fierce and sanguinary conflict between the natives and whites on our western border, in the summer and fall of 1774.

Whilst upon this subject, we may take occasion to state, that in our opinion one unfortunate error has been committed by most, if not all, of Captain Cresap's friends, and that has been, in not stating *exactly what he did.* It cannot but have

been known to Mr. Jacob and others, who have set up as the special defenders of Captain Cresap, that he *did* make one of the party who killed the two Indians near Wheeling, and also that he was engaged in the affair at Captina. Concealment of these facts has done irreparable injustice to the memory of a brave and gallant soldier. Had they conceded this much, but insisted upon his innocence of that other heinous charge, most of the calumny now afloat would have been saved, and the memory of Captain Cresap not been tarnished by that one foul stain, from the mere contemplation of which, civilized man turns with an involuntary shudder. This, we conceive, has been the fatal error. A uniform denial, for Captain Cresap, of all participation in the border outrages of 1774, left no alternative with those who knew differently, but to believe that he was connected with all.

Captain Cresap's known and avowed participation[1] in the affairs at Wheeling and Captina, and the murder of Logan's family at Baker's bottom so soon thereafter, very reasonably caused many to believe that he did compose one of the latter party.

Logan thought so himself; and so asserted, not only in his celebrated speech at Camp Charlotte, but also in other oral and written declarations.[2]

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[1] See Devereux Smith's letter, Am. State Papers, where it is stated that Cresap justified his conduct by the character of Connolly's circular.

[2] One of the first prisoners taken by Logan and his party, after this unfortunate occurrence, was Major Robinson, (see p. 153), whom they carried to their towns on the Muskingum. Here Logan requested Robinson to write him a note expressive of his feelings, which he intended should be carried and left at some house he would attack. This note was addressed to Cresap, and was found tied to a war club in the cabin of a settler on the Holston river. Major Robinson says he had to write it three times before he could get it sufficiently strong to suit Logan's purposes. A copy of the note is herewith given.

CAPTAIN CRESAP:

What did you kill my people on Yellow creek for? The white people killed my kin at Conestoga, a great while ago, and I thought nothing of that. But you killed my kin again on Yellow creek, and took my cousin prisoner. Then I thought I must kill too; and I have been three times to war since; but the Indians are not angry, only myself.

July 21, 1774. (Signed), CAPTAIN JOHN LOGAN.

We come now to the last, and by far the most tragic part of this drama. George Rogers Clark, one of the most distinguished men of his day in the west, was at Wheeling at the time of these occurrences. It is not likely that such a man would be mistaken, and we therefore give his statement almost entire. It is from a letter written in June, 1798, to a friend of Mr. Jefferson, who sought information as to the affairs to which it refers.

This country was explored in 1773. A resolution was formed to make a settlement the spring following, and the mouth of the Little Kanawha appointed the place of general rendezvous, in order to descend the river from thence in a body. Early in the spring the Indians had done some mischief. Reports from their towns were alarming, which deterred many. About eighty or ninety men only arrived at the appointed rendezvous, where we lay some days.

A small party of hunters, that lay about ten miles below us, were fired upon by the Indians, whom the hunters beat back, and returned to camp. This and many other circumstances led us to believe that the Indians were determined on war. The whole party was enrolled and determined to execute their project of forming a settlement in Kentucky, as we had every necessary store that could be thought of. An Indian town called the Horsehead Bottom, on the Scioto and near its mouth, lay nearly in our way. The determination was to cross the country and surprise it. Who was to command? was the question. There were but few among us that had experience in Indian warfare, and they were such that we did not choose to be commanded by. We knew of Capt. Cresap being on the river about fifteen miles above us, with some hands, settling a plantation; and that he had concluded to follow us to Kentucky as soon as he had fixed there his people. We also knew that he had been experienced in a former war. He was proposed; and it was unanimously agreed to send for him to command the party. Messengers were despatched, and in half an hour returned with Cresap. He had heard of our resolution by some of his hunters, that had fallen in with ours, and had set out to come to us.

We now thought our army, as we called it, complete, and the destruction of the Indians sure. A council was called, and, to our astonishment, our intended commander-in-chief

was the person who dissuaded us from the enterprise. He said that appearances were very suspicious, but there was no certainty of a war. That if we made the attempt proposed, he had no doubt of our success; but a war would, at any rate, be the result, and that we should be blamed for it, and perhaps justly. But if we were determined to proceed, he would lay aside all considerations, send to his camp for his people, and share our fortunes.

He was then asked what he would advise. His answer was, that we should return to Wheeling as a convenient post, to hear what was going forward. That a few weeks would determine. As it was early in the spring, if we found the Indians were not disposed for war, we should have full time to return and make our establishment in Kentucky. This was adopted; and in two hours the whole were under way. As we ascended the river, we met Kill-buck, an Indian chief, with a small party. We had a long conference with him, but received little satisfaction as to the disposition of the Indians. It was observed that Cresap did not come to this conference, but kept on the opposite side of the river. He said that he was afraid to trust himself with the Indians. That Kill-buck had frequently attempted to waylay his father, to kill him. That if he crossed the river, perhaps his fortitude might fail him, and that he might put Kill-buck to death. On our arrival at Wheeling, (the country being pretty well settled thereabouts,) the whole of the inhabitants appeared to be alarmed. They flocked to our camp from every direction; and all that we could say could not keep them from under our wings. We offered to cover their neighborhood with scouts, until further information, if they would return to their plantations; but nothing would prevail. By this time we had got to be a formidable party. All the hunters, men without families, etc., in that quarter, had joined our party.

Our arrival at Wheeling was soon known at Pittsburgh. The whole of that country, at that time, being under the jurisdiction of Virginia, Dr. Connolly had been appointed by Dunmore, Captain Commandant of the District, which was called Wagusta. He, learning of us, sent a message addressed to the party, letting us know that war was to be apprehended, and requesting that we would keep our position for a few days; as messages had been sent to the Indians, and a few days would determine the doubt. The answer he got, was, that we had no inclination to quit our quarters for some time.

That during our stay we should be careful that the enemy did not harass the neighborhood that we lay in. But before this answer could reach Pittsburgh, he sent a second express, addressed to Capt. Cresap, as the most influential man amongst us, informing him that the messages had returned from the Indians, that war was inevitable, and begging him to use his influence with the party, to get them to cover the country by scouts until the inhabitants could fortify themselves. The reception of this letter was the epoch of open hostilities with the Indians. A new post was planted, a council was called, and the letter read by Cresap, all the Indian traders being summoned on so important an occasion. Action was had, and war declared in the most solemn manner; and the same evening two scalps were brought into camp.[1]

The next day some canoes of Indians were discovered on the river, keeping the advantage of an island to cover themselves from our view. They were chased fifteen miles down the river, and driven ashore. A battle ensued; a few were wounded on both sides; one Indian only taken prisoner. On examining their canoes, we[2] found a considerable quantity of ammunition and other warlike stores. On our return to camp, a resolution was adopted to march the next day, and attack Logan's camp on the Ohio about thirty miles above us. We did march about five miles, and then halted to take some refreshment. Here the impropriety of executing the projected enterprise was argued. The conversation was brought forward by Cresap himself. It was generally agreed that those Indians had no hostile intentions—as they were hunting, and their party were composed of men, women, and children, with all their stuff with them. This we knew; as I myself and others present had been in their camp about four weeks past, on our descending the river from Pittsburgh. In short, every person seemed to detest the resolution we had set out with. We returned in the evening, decamped, and took the road to Redstone.

It was two days after this that Logan's family were killed. And from the manner in which it was done, it was viewed as a horrid murder. From Logan's hearing of Cresap being at the head of *this party on the river*, it is no wonder that he supposed he had a hand in the destruction of his family.

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[1] These are supposed to have been the two Indians killed in descending the river.

[2] It would then seem that Clark was one of this party.

CHAPTER IV.

WAPPATOMICA CAMPAIGN.

WELL aware that a retaliatory blow would be given by the Indians, the settlers along the frontier of Virginia lost no time in erecting forts for their protection.[1] An express was sent to Williamsburg, calling upon the governor for immediate aid; the House of Burgesses being in session, measures were at once adopted to protect the frontier and drive back the savages. Andrew Lewis, then a member from Bottetourt, proposed that an adequate force be raised and marched to the frontier with the least possible delay. His proposition was at once adopted and steps taken for carrying it into effect. In the meantime, the Indians were murdering the whites whenever an opportunity presented. Many of the traders who had penetrated the Indian country, could not retrace their steps in time, and thus fell before the merciless hand of the destroyer. One of these, near the town of White-eyes, the Peace Chief of the Delawares, was murdered, cut to pieces, and the fragments of his body hung upon the bushes, the kindly chief gathered them together and buried them. The hatred of the murderers, however, led them to disinter and disperse the remains of their victim anew; but the kindness of the Delaware was as persevering as the hatred of his

[1] It was during this impending storm that many private forts sprang up from the bosom of the wilderness, and served for the protection of particular settlements. Of these, we may mention Tomlinson's at Grave creek, Shepherd's and Bonnett's at Wheeling, Van Metre's on Short creek, Wolff's on Buffalo, Jackson's on Ten-mile, Pricket's on the Monongahela, with various others, which cannot now be enumerated. Several families moved from Wheeling to Redstone.

brethren, and again he collected the scattered limbs and in a secret place hid them.[1]

As considerable time must necessarily elapse before a large force could be collected and marched from the east, it was proposed, as the best means of diverting the Indians from the frontier, that an invading force should be sent against their towns. Accordingly, about the middle of June, (1774,) nearly four hundred men rendezvoused at Wheeling, embracing some of the most energetic and experienced on the frontier. Col. Angus McDonald,[2] by whom this force was to be commanded, not having arrived, but being daily expected, the different companies under their respective commanders, went down the river in boats to the mouth of Captina creek, (twenty miles), at which place they were joined by Colonel McDonald, and thence proceeded to the Indian town, Wappatomica, which was ten or fifteen miles below the present Coshocton. In the command of Col. McDonald were some of the first and bravest men in the west. James Wood, afterwards Governor of Virginia, Daniel Morgan, the distinguished general of revolutionary memory, Michael Cresap, and others who became prominent, commanded companies. The expedition was piloted by Jonathan Zane, Thomas Nicholson and Tady Kelly, the first of whom had no superior as a woodcraftman.

The Indians having been notified by scouts of their ap-

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[1] Heckewelder's Narrative, 132.

[2] Col. M'Donald lived near Winchester, Va. He was a man of great energy of character, intrepidity, and courage. He visited the west early in the spring of 1774, to survey the military bounty lands, lying within the colonial grant made to the officers and soldiers of the French and Indian war of 1754-63. Col. M'Donald and his party met hostile Indians at almost every step, until finally they were compelled to relinquish the undertaking, and resort to Wheeling for safety. He then reported to Dunmore the state of affairs in north-west Virginia; whereupon, the governor authorized him to raise a sufficient force, and proceed to punish the savages without delay. The call was nobly responded to by the gallant men on the frontier, as the reader has already noticed.

[3] Their route led along the old Indian trail toward the lakes.

proach, formed an ambush, and as the whites came up, opened upon them a brisk and stunning fire. But two of our men, however, were killed, although several were badly wounded. The Indians had one killed and a number wounded, but their exact loss was not ascertained, as both wounded and dead were borne from the field. A never failing characteristic of the dying savage is, a desire that his body may not fall into the hands of his pale-faced antagonist.

The army after this slight interruption, proceeded on its way to the Indian town, which was found evacuated. It was immediately discovered that the Indians were concealed on the opposite side of the river, waiting for the whites to cross. Col. McDonald determined to remain where he was, but took the precaution to despatch messengers up and down the river, to watch if the enemy should attempt to cross.

The Indians finding the whites would not follow in pursuit, sued for peace. This was offered on condition that they sent over their chiefs as hostages. Five accordingly crossed over. Early on the following morning these chiefs were marched in front of the army to the western bank of the river.

It was then ascertained that the Indians could not treat until the chiefs of the other tribes were present. To secure these, one of the hostage chiefs was sent off; but not returning in time, a second was despatched on the same errand, and he not returning, Col. McDonald, who now began to suspect treachery, marched his army rapidly against the upper towns (one and a half miles distant), when it was found that the inhabitants had also been removed. A slight skirmish with a concealed body of Indians here took place, in which one of the enemy was killed and one of our men wounded. Colonel McDonald now ordered the towns to be burned and the crops destroyed. The army returned to Wheeling and was disbanded. The three remaining hostages were sent to Williamsburg, where they were kept until after the treaty of Dunmore, in November following.

The army suffered much from want of provisions. Each man was put upon an allowance of one ear of corn per day.

This invasion did little in the way of intimidating the savages. They continued to collect their forces, and pushed forward at the same time, predatory bands, to the great annoyance of the settlers along the Ohio, Monongahela and their tributaries.

One of the first of these marauding parties was headed by Logan, who, burning with revenge for the murder of his family, had "raised the hatchet," and sworn vengeance against the guilty.[1]

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[1] At the head of a small party, this distinguished chieftain penetrated to the west fork of the Monongahela, before an opportunity was presented of doing mischief. On the 12th of July, three men (William Robinson,[a] Thomas Hellen, and Coleman Brown), conscious of safety at so great a distance from the extreme frontier, were engaged in pulling flax, in a field near the mouth of Simpson's creek. Logan and his party approached unperceived, and firing, Brown fell dead on the spot. The other two, however, being untouched, sought safety in flight; but Hallen was soon overtaken and secured, as the balance of the party made after Robinson. After running a short distance, Logan cried out in good English, "Stop, I won't hurt you." "Yes you will," replied Robinson, "No, I won't; but if you don't stop, by —— I'll shoot you." Robinson still continued to run, but in looking over his shoulder, stumbled, and fell over a log. In a moment Logan was upon him; he immediately made himself known to his captive, and told him he must quietly go along to the Indian town, and further, that he should not be hurt.

Reaching the Mingo town on the Muskingum, Robinson was ordered to run the gauntlet, but with the instructions received from Logan, he passed through without injury. He was then tied to a stake to be burned, but the Mingo chief ran and spoke some time in behalf of the captive. He was answered by other chiefs, and again did Logan reply. Three several times was the intended victim tied and untied, but at length the masterly eloquence of Logan prevailed, and he was released. After four months' captivity he returned home.

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[a] Mr. Sharpe, (Am. Pioneer, i. 208), calls him Roberts.

CHAPTER V.

DUNMORE'S CAMPAIGN.

In the east, the effort to organize a force sufficient to operate with effect against the savages, proved successful, and two bodies, numbering in all nearly twenty-five hundred, were collected,—one in the counties of Augusta, Bottetourt, &c., and the other in Frederick, Shenandoah, &c.

The first of these was placed under the command of General Andrew Lewis, who rendezvoused at Camp Union,[1] now Lewisburg, while the governor in person commanded the second.

By the 1st of September, General Lewis only awaited the arrival of Col. Christian, and orders from Lord Dunmore, to march. In a few days a messenger reached him with orders from Dunmore to meet him on the 2d of October, at the mouth of Kanawha. On the 11th, he struck his tents and commenced the line of march through an unknown and trackless wilderness.

The division of General Lewis numbered between one thousand and twelve hundred men, composed of the very flower of the Virginia Valley.[2]

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[1] Col. Stuart, in his account of the Indian Wars, calls it Fort Savannah. The place in the early settlement of the country was known as Big Savannah.

[2] Of this force, Col. Charles Lewis of Augusta, and William Fleming of Bottetourt, commanded regiments of four hundred each. Col. John Field of Culpepper, had a small command; and Colonel Christian, who had not yet joined the division, was to have command of the two remaining companies,—one from Bedford, and the other, Captain Shelby's, from what is now Washington county.

General Lewis had three sons in his division, one of whom, John, commanded a company; Samuel and Thomas were privates.

Captain Arbuckle, an experienced and skilful frontier-man, conducted the division to the river, which they reached on the 30th, after a fatiguing march of nineteen days.

General Lewis was greatly disappointed in not meeting Dunmore, and still more in not hearing from him. It was not until the morning of the 9th, that a messenger[1] reached him, bringing information that the plan of the campaign had been changed, and ordering him to march direct to the Indian towns on the Scioto, where the other division would join him. Arrangements were accordingly made preparatory to leaving, and on the following morning, (Monday, October 10th,) Gen. Lewis intended moving, as directed. Shortly after day-break, on the morning referred to, two soldiers who had gone up the Ohio to hunt, discovered a large body of Indians just rising from their encampment. The men were fired upon and one killed, but the other escaping returned to camp, hallooing as he ran, that he had seen "a body of Indians covering four acres of ground."[2]

All was, of course, surprise and confusion in the camp of the whites, but the commander-in-chief, "calm as a summer morning," lighted his pipe with the utmost *sang froid*, and ordered out the regiment under Col. Lewis, supposing that the discovery of the soldiers was merely that of a scouting party

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[1] This man is said to have been no less a personage than the notorious Simon Girty. He joined the Earl, it seems, at Fort Pitt, and afterwards piloted him from Fort Gower, (mouth of Hockhoking,) to the Pickway plains. Withers says, that the messengers sent on the occasion referred to, were Indian traders, but we think our information correct, that Girty was the man.

Some writers have ridiculously asserted that Grty was one of General Lewis' party, but having been reprimanded for some slight cause, left the camp, swearing bitterly that he would make it "swim in blood," &c.

[2] Col. Stuart said that the name of this man was Mooney, and that he stopped before his (S.'s) tent, to relate his adventures. Genl. Lewis, however, calls him Robertson, as did two other soldiers (Reed and Moore), who saw him. The name of the one killed was Hickman. Some have erroneously given it as Sevier. Robertson afterwards rose to the rank of Brigadier-general in Tennessee.

of Indians, similar to such as had watched the movements of the army since leaving Fort Savannah.

Colonel Lewis had barely passed the outer guard, when the enemy in great number appeared and commenced the attack. Col. Fleming was now ordered to reinforce Col. Lewis, and soon the battle raged with unparalleled fury. The sun had just risen, and was gilding with his bright autumnal tints the tops of the surrounding hills when the battle commenced, and not until it had sunk low in the heavens, did the sanguinary conflict materially abate.

Colonel Lewis was mortally wounded at an early hour in the engagement, but with a resolute devotion rarely equalled, concealed the character of his wound until the line of battle had been fairly formed. He then sunk exhausted from loss of blood, and was carried to his tent, where he died about twelve o'clock. A braver, truer or more gallant soldier the country has rarely produced; and it is a burning shame that his memory, as well as that of the brave men who fell with him, has not been perpetuated in some appropriate and enduring form on the scene of this memorable conflict.

On the fall of Col. Lewis, the line of his men stretching along the high ground skirting Crooked run,[1] which was the first attacked and had sustained the heaviest fire, gave symptoms of irresolution, and momentarily did fall back; but Col. Fleming speedily rallying them, maintained the fortunes of the day until he, too, was struck down and borne bleeding from the field.

The troops now gave way, and in all probability would have been routed had not Gen. Lewis ordered up Col. Field with a fresh reinforcement. This command met the retreating troops and rallied them to the contest. The fight now became more desperate than ever, and was maintained by both parties with consummate skill, energy and valor. The

[1] A small stream which puts into the Kanawha, near its mouth.

Indians, sure of success when they beheld the ranks give way after the fall of Lewis and Fleming, became frantic with rage when they saw the reinforcement under Col. Field. With convulsive grasp they seized their weapons, and would have rushed headlong upon the whites had the latter not kept up a steady and most galling fire, which seemed to have the double effect of thinning their ranks and cooling their rage. The battle scene was now terribly grand. There stood the combatants; terror, rage, disappointment and despair riveted upon the painted faces of one, while calm resolution, and the unbending will to *do*, were strongly and unmistakably marked upon the other. Neither party, says an eye-witness, "would retreat; neither could advance. The noise of the firing was tremendous. No single gun could be distinguished, but it was one constant roar. The rifle and tomahawk now did their work with dreadful certainty. The confusion and perturbation of the camp had now arrived at its greatest height. The confused noise and wild uproar of battle added greatly to the terror of the scene. The shouting of the whites, the continual roar of fire-arms, the war-whoop and dismal yelling of the Indians, sounds harsh and grating when heard separately, became by mixture and combination highly discordant and terrific. Add to this the constant succession of the dead and wounded, brought off from the battle-field, many of these with shattered limbs and lacerated flesh, pale, ghastly and disfigured, and besmeared with gore, their 'garments rolled in blood,' and uttering doleful cries of lamentation and distress; others faint, feeble and exhausted by loss of blood, scarcely able with quivering lips to tell their ail to passers-by. Sounds and sights and circumstances such as these were calculated to excite general solicitude for the issue of the battle, and alarm in each individual for his own personal safety. Early in the day General Lewis had ordered a breast-work to be constructed from the Ohio to the Kanawha, thus severing the camp from the neighboring forest. This breast-work was formed by felling trees and so disposing of their trunks and

branches, as to form a barrier which was difficult to pass. It was designed that should the enemy gain an ascendancy in the field, this barrier might prevent their entrance into the camp, while at the same time it might serve as a protection to the garrison that was within."

About twelve o'clock the Indian fire began to slacken, and the enemy were seen slowly to retire. A desultory fire was kept up from behind trees; and often, as the Virginians pressed too hotly upon the retreating foe, were they fatally ambuscaded.

Gen. Lewis, noticing the manœuvres of the enemy, detached three companies commanded respectively by Captains John Stuart, George Matthews and Isaac Shelby,[1] with orders to move quietly beneath the banks of the Kanawha and Crooked run, so as to gain the enemy's rear.

This manœuvre was so handsomely executed that the savages became alarmed, and fairly gave up the fight about 4 o'clock. The victory of the Virginians was complete. During the night the Indian army crossed the Ohio, and made off. The gradual retreat of the Indians was one of the most masterly things of the kind ever undertaken in the west. Cornstalk alternately led on his men, and then fell back in such a manner as to hold the whites in check and uncertainty. Between 11 o'clock A. M. and 4 P. M., the Indian army fell back more than three miles. This gave them an opportunity to bear off their wounded and dead.

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[1] In the battle of Point Pleasant were two Shelby's, Evan and Isaac—father and son. Evan Shelby resided in 1774, in what is now Sullivan county, Tennessee. When the call for troops was made, he exerted his influence, and raised a company, which, with that of Captain Russell, constituted the command of Col. Christian. Isaac Shelby was a first lieutenant in the company of his father. At the battle of Point Pleasant, Capt. Shelby's company was attached to the command of Colonel Lewis. On the fall of Col. Lewis, the command devolved upon Cat. Shelby, while Isaac Shelby became commander of the company to which he was attached. This will serve to explain an apparent discrepancy, which has been made to appear by the accounts of the various writers who have touched upon the subject. Isaac Shelby was afterwards Governor of Kentucky, Secretary of War, &c.

This battle scene, in an unbroken wilderness on the Ohio, is described as having been one of the most thrilling affairs that ever took place on our western frontier. The line of battle was at times nearly a mile long, and often throughout its entire length gleamed the blended flame from Indian and provincial rifles.

The Indians, under the lead of experienced and able chiefs, were confident of success, and fought with a desperation which no language can describe.

The exact losses sustained by the respective parties were never fully ascertained, as the Indians were known to have thrown many of their dead into the Ohio. Their loss has been estimated at about one hundred and fifty, while that of the provincials in killed and wounded was over two hundred; more than one-fourth of the whole number actually engaged. The annals of history do not show another instance where undisciplined troops held out so successfully and for so long a time against a foe vastly their numerical superior.

At least one hundred of Gen. Lewis' men were absent, hunting, and knew nothing of the battle until evening.[1]

The Indian army was composed principally of Delawares, Mingos, Iroquois, Wyandotts and Shawanese. It was commanded by Cornstock, the celebrated and noble-minded Shawanese chief, whose melancholy end at the same place on a subsequent occasion, and under circumstances of the most revolting treachery, cannot be dwelt upon, even at this late day, without feelings of melancholy regret.

Logan assisted in the command, and burned to revenge the past wrongs which he had received at the hands of the "Long-knives."

In this prolonged and bloody battle the brave Virginians

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[1] The army having become short of provisions, these men went out to secure a supply of game. The two who discovered the enemy, had gone on a similar purpose, but not with permission, it is said, of their superior officers.

suffered terribly. Of the killed were Colonels Lewis[1] and Field,[2] Captains Morrow, Buford, Ward, Murray, Cundiff, Wilson and McClenachan; Lieutenants Allen, Goldsby and Dillon, with many gallant subalterns, whose names we have not been able to ascertain.[3]

The Indian army is said to have comprised the pick of the northern confederated tribes. Cornstock's towering form was seen rapidly hurrying through their midst, and every now and anon, when he found the spirits of his men were flagging, was heard to exclaim in his native tongue, "Be strong! be strong!" One of his warriors showing signs of fear, the savage chieftain slew him at the moment with his tomahawk.[4]

Gen. Lewis having buried his dead, and thrown up a rude fortress for the protection of the wounded, which he gave in charge of a sufficient force; crossed the Ohio to meet Dunmore at the point designated. He moved rapidly forward, and in an unprecedented short period reached the Pickawy

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[1] This gallant and estimable officer fell at the foot of a tree, and desired that he might not be disturbed; but his intimate friend, Captain Morrow, assisted by a private, carried him to his tent, where he died in the course of the morning. He was a brave, generous, and accomplished soldier, and his loss was greatly regretted by the whole army.

[2] Colonel Field was a devoted and chivalrous officer, and served with commendable distinction in the army of Braddock.

[3] Many of those engaged in the battle of the Point, afterwards became distinguished in the civil and military annals of the country. General Isaac Shelby was the first Governor of Kentucky, and Secretary of War; Gen. William Campbell, the hero of King's Mountain, and General Andrew Moore, Senators from Virginia; Col. John Stuart an eminent citizen of Greenbriar; Gen. Geo. Matthews, who so distinguished himself at Brandywine, and subsequently came to be Governor of Georgia, and U. S. Senator; Col. William M'Kee, of Ky.; Gen. Tate, of Washington Co., Va.; Col. Chas. Cameron of Bath co.; Gen. Bazaleel Wells, of Brooke; and many others.

[4] It is asserted, that on the evening preceding the battle, Cornstock proposed in council with his confederate chiefs, to go in person to the camp of General Lewis, and negotiate peace. But his voice was overruled. "Then," said he, "Since you are resolved to fight, you *shall* fight. It is likely we shall have hard work to-morrow, but if any warrior shall attempt to run away, I will kill him with my own hand."

plains. Here he was met by a message from Dunmore, ordering him to stop, as he (Dunmore) was about negotiating a treaty of peace with the Indians. Indignant at the manner he had been treated, and finding himself threatened by a superior force of Indians, who kept constantly in his rear, General Lewis disregarded the earl's orders, and pushed on.

A second flag was now sent, but treating it as he had done the first, Gen. Lewis continued to advance until he had reached within three miles of the governor's camp. Dunmore now became uneasy, and accompanied by White-Eyes, a noted Indian chief, visited Gen. Lewis, and peremptorily ordered him to halt. It is asserted by some, that at this juncture it was with much difficulty Gen. Lewis could restrain his men from killing Dunmore and his Indian companion.[1]

Gen. Lewis' orders were to return forthwith to Point Pleasant; there to leave a force sufficient to protect the place, and a supply of provisions for the wounded, then to lead the balance of the division to the place of rendezvous, and disband them. Dunmore returned to camp Charlotte, and concluded a treaty with the Indians.[2] The chief speaker on the part of the Indians was Cornstalk, who openly charged the whites with being the sole cause of the war, enumerating the many provocations which the Indians had received, and dwelling with great force and emphasis upon the diabolical murder of Logan's family. This great chief spoke in the most vehement and denunciatory style. His loud, clear voice was distinctly heard over the whole camp of twelve acres. Cornstalk had from the first, opposed a war with the whites, and

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[1] In support of this statement, and to show the state of feeling in the army towards Dunmore, we may add, upon the authority of the late Colonel A. Lewis, son of General Lewis, that he (General L.) had to double and triple the guard around his marquee, to prevent the men killing the governor.

[2] Colonel A. Lewis says there was no treaty effected until the following spring, but in this he must certainly be mistaken.

when his scouts reported the advance of Gen. Lewis' division, the sagacious chief did all he could to restrain his men, and keep them from battle. But all his remonstrances were in vain, and it was then he told them, "As you are determined to fight, you *shall* fight." After their defeat, and return home, a council was convened to determine upon what was next to be done. The stern old chief rising, said, "What shall we do now? The Long-knives are coming upon us by two routes. Shall we turn out and fight them?" No response being made, he continued, "Shall we kill all our squaws and children, and then fight until we are all killed ourselves?" Still the congregated warriors were silent, and after a moment's hesitation, Cornstalk struck his tomahawk into the war post, and with compressed lips and flashing eye, gazed around the assembled group, then with great emphasis spoke, "Since you are not inclined to fight, I will go and make peace."

This distinguished chief was one of the most remarkable men his race has ever produced. He possessed in an eminent degree all the elements of true greatness. Colonel Wilson, who was present at the interview between the chief and Lord Dunmore, thus speaks of the chieftain's bearing.[1]

But there was one who would not attend the camp of Lord Dunmore, and that was *Logan*. The Mingoe chief felt the chill of despair at his heart; his very soul seemed frozen within him; and although he would not interpose obstacles to an amicable adjustment of existing difficulties, still he could not meet the Long-knives in council as if no terrible stain of blood rested upon their hands. He remained at a distance, brooding in melancholy silence over his accumulated wrongs during

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[1] "When he arose, he was in no wise confused or daunted, but spoke in a distinct and audible voice, without stammering or repetition, and with peculiar emphasis. His looks while addressing Dunmore, were truly grand and majestic, yet graceful and attractive. I have heard the first orators in Virginia, Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee, but never have I heard one whose powers of delivery surpassed those of Cornstalk."

most of the time his friends were negotiating. But Dunmore felt the importance of at least securing his assent; and for that purpose sent a special messenger, Colonel John Gibson, who waited upon the chief at his wigwam.

The messenger in due time returned, bringing with him the celebrated speech which has given its author an immortality, almost as imperishable as that of the great Athenian orator.[1]

It is due perhaps, in candor, to state that the authenticity of this celebrated speech has been questioned. To all, however, who have examined the testimony carefully, and with an unprejudiced eye, the conclusions in favor of its genuineness are overwhelming. A great deal of unnecessary bitterness has been shown by friends for and against this simple but touching appeal of the native chieftain. The friends of Cresap, feeling that he had been undeservedly reproached, were not willing to let his memory rest under the charges; while on the other hand, Mr. Jefferson and his friends, conceiving that his veracity had been attacked, exhibited much

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[1] "I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white men.' I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

This speech has ever been regarded as one of the most eloquent passages in the English language. Mr. Jefferson remarked of it, "I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes and of Cicero, and of any more eminent orator, if Europe has furnished more eminent, to produce a single passage superior to it;" and an American statesman and scholar, (De Witt Clinton,) scarcely less illustrious than the author of this noble eulogium, has subscribed to that opinion.

warmth and determination to establish the charge by confirming the speech.

But, the question of authenticity, we think should not depend upon the extent of Cresap's participation in the crime charged by Logan. As stated elsewhere, Logan was deceived as to the facts. Cresap, at that time, was one of the most prominent men on the frontier, and was known to have taken an active and energetic part in the defence of the settlements. He was known to have been engaged in the Captina affair, and is it therefore strange that he should have been charged with this third, or Yellow creek murder, occurring as it did only a few days after that at Captina? The circumstances certainly were strongly against him, and nothing but such a statement as that of Col. Clark, now submitted, could have availed to rescue his memory from the heavy reproach which was fast settling upon it. We therefore repeat, that it was not strange Logan should have been deceived. According to Doddridge, many of the settlers—those living in the neighborhood, and whose opportunities should have enabled them to know the facts, were mislead.

Mr. Jefferson, we think, at a very early day, had his confidence in the fullness of the charge against Cresap considerably shaken. The late John Caldwell of Wheeling creek, one of the earliest settlers in Ohio county, was one of the persons to whom Mr. Jefferson made application for facts concerning the unfortunate affair at Yellow creek. The affidavit which he gave, but which was never published, went far to exculpate Cresap from all immediate participation in that melancholy affair. But, we again repeat, whatever may have been Cresap's connection with the Yellow creek murder, it should not materially affect the genuineness of Logan's speech. *He* felt and believed that Cresap was the man, and so declared. If mistaken in the perpetrator, why should that one single error militate against the entire production?

But, to return from this digression. A treaty was con-

cluded at Camp Charlotte,[1] in the month of November, and the war known as Dunmore's, Cresap's, and Logan's terminated. By this, the Shawanese agreed not to molest travellers, or hunt south of the Ohio River.[2] The termination of this war greatly dissatisfied the Virginians, who had marched many hundred miles through an unbroken wilderness to chastise the savages. Now that they were within their grasp, and about to strike an effective blow, to be thus compelled to return on the mere feint of a treaty, was, to them, entirely inexplicable.

The conduct of Dunmore could not be understood except by supposing him to act with reference to the expected contest between England and her colonies, a motive which the colonists regarded as little less than treasonable.[3] And here we wish to notice a statement given as a curious instance of historical puzzles by Mr. Whittlesey, in his address before the Ohio Historical Society, delivered in 1841, at page 28.[4]

In 1831, a steamboat was detained a few hours near the house of Mr. Curtis, on the Ohio, a short distance above the mouth of the Hockhocking, and General Clark[5] came ashore. He inquired respecting the remains of a fort or encampment at the mouth of the Hockhocking river, as it is now called. He was told that there was evidence of a clearing of several

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[1] Camp Charlotte was on Sippo creek, about eight miles from the town of Westfall.

[2] American Archives, fourth series, i. 1170.

[3] When Lord Dunmore retired, he left an hundred men at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, a few at Fort Dunmore (Pittsburg), and some at Fort Fincastle (Wheeling). These were dismissed, as the prospect of renewed war ceased. Lord Dunmore was to have returned to Pittsburg in the spring, to meet the Indians and form a definite peace, but the Revolutionary movements prevented. The Mingoes were not parties to the peace of Fort Charlotte.—(American Archives, ii. 1189.) The frontiermen, or many of them, thought, as we have said, that Dunmore's conduct was outrageous, but that such was not the universal feeling in Virginia, may be seen by reference to American Archives, fourth series, ii. 170, 301, &c.

[4] Expedition of Lord Dunmore, from p. 28 to 29.

[5] An eminent citizen of Missouri, a brother of General George Rogers Clark, of Ky.

acres in extent, and that pieces of guns and muskets had been found on the spot; and also, that a collection of several hundred bullets had been discovered on the bank of the Hockhocking, about twenty-five miles up the river. General Clark then stated, that the ground had been occupied as a camp by Lord Dunmore, who came down the Kanawha with 300 men in the spring of 1775, with the expectation of treating with the Indians here. The chiefs not making their appearance, the march was continued up the river twenty-five or thirty miles, where an express from Virginia overtook the party. That evening a council was held and lasted very late at night. In the morning the troops were disbanded, and immediately requested to enlist in the British service for a stated period. The contents of the despatches had not transpired when this proposition was made. A major of militia, by the name of McCarty, made an harangue to the men against enlisting, which seems to have been done in an eloquent and effectual manner. He referred to the condition of the public mind in the colonies, and the probability of a revolution, which must soon arrive. He represented the suspicious circumstances of the express, which was still a secret to the troops, and that appearances justified the conclusion, that they were required to enlist in a service against their own countrymen, their own kindred, their own homes. The consequence was, that but few of the men re-enlisted, and the majority, choosing the orator as a leader, made the best of their way to Wheeling. The news brought out by the courier proved to be an account of the opening combat of the Revolution at Lexington, Massachusetts, April 20, 1775. General Clark stated that himself (or his brother) was in the expedition.

Lord Dunmore is said to have returned to Virginia by way of the Kanawha river.

There are very few historical details sustained by better authority than the above relation. Desirous of reconciling this statement with history, I addressed a letter to General Clark, requesting an explanation, but his death, which happened soon after, prevented a reply.[1]

This we know cannot be true in the form in which it is stated. The battle of Lexington was on April 19th; on April

[1] Lord Dunmore's Expedition, pp. 28, 29.

21st, Lord Dunmore removed the powder from the public store-house at Williamsburg on board a King's vessel, and was thenceforward at Williamsburg. June 5th he informs the Assembly that he had meant to go West and look after Indian matters, but had been too busy.[1] It is one of many instances showing how sceptical we should be where a single person testifies, and especially from memory.[2]

The charge of treasonable design so industriously made against Dunmore, although plausible in part, is not sustained by facts and circumstances. That his course was *not* disapproved at the time is clear from the fact, he was *thanked* for his conduct by the Virginia Convention, at the head of which stood Washington, Randolph, the Lees, &c. &c. He was also thanked by the House of Burgesses, and received an address praising his proceedings, from the people of Fincastle County. (American Archives, fourth series, ii. 301, 170.)

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[1] American Archives, fourth series, ii. 1189, &c.

[2] Western Annals.

CHAPTER VI.

INDIANS EMPLOYED AS ALLIES.

THE peace effected by Dunmore continued during most of the year 1775. Occasionally, however, there were symptoms of awakening hostility on the part of the Shawanese and other confederated tribes, instigated no doubt by agents of England, for by this time the contest between the two countries had fairly commenced.

The frontier people trembled at the anticipated danger of an alliance between Britain and the Indians; for they well knew that such an influence would be powerful and full of peril.

In the north Col. Guy Johnson, son-in-law of Sir William Johnson, who had died suddenly in May, 1774, was the King's agent, and using every endeavor to bring over the six nations. This fact was known in the west, and the people naturally felt uneasy lest a similar effort should be made upon the western tribes. Those apprehensions, unhappily, were soon to be realized. The keen eye of Washington too, was not long in discerning the fatal consequences of the western savages becoming united under the King's banner. Accordingly, on the 19th of April, 1776, the commander-in-chief wrote to Congress, saying, as the Indians would soon be engaged, either for or against, he would suggest that they be engaged for the colonies;[1] upon the 3d of May, the report on this was considered; upon the 25th of May it was resolved to be highly expedient to engage the Indians for the American service;

[1] Sparks' Washington, vol. iii. p. 364. Also, v. 277, where the views of Burke, Governor Pownall, and others, are given.

and, upon the 3d of June, the general was empowered to raise two thousand, to be employed in Canada. Upon the 17th of June, Washington was authorized to employ them where he pleased, and to offer them rewards for prisoners; and, upon the 8th of July, he was empowered to call out as many of the Nova Scotia and neighboring tribes as he saw fit.[1]

Such was the course of proceeding, on the part of the colonies, with regard to the employment of the Indians. The steps, at the time, were secret, but now the whole story is before the world. Not so, however, with regard to the acts of England; as to them, we have but few of the records placed within our reach. One thing, however, is known, namely, that while the colonies offered their allies of the woods rewards for *prisoners*, some of the British agents gave them money for *scalps*[2]—a proceeding that cannot find any justification.

In accordance with the course of policy thus pursued, the north-western tribes, already angered by the constant invasions of their territory by the hunters of Virginia and Carolina, and easily accessible by the lakes, were soon enlisted on the side of England; and had a Pontiac been alive to lead them, might have done much mischief. As it was, during the summer of 1776, their straggling parties so filled the woods of Virginia and Kentucky, that no one outside of a fort was safe.[3]

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[1] Secret Journals, vol. 1. pp. 43-47.

[2] Jefferson's Writings, vol. i. p. 456.

[3] Western Annals.